NATIONAL REVIEW

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January 4, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Coming Defeat of Red China

RODNEY GILBERT

Prosiness in Purple

ALOISE HEATH

Interview with the Old Year

L. BRENT BOZELL

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . J. A. LUKACS

FRANK S. MEYER · GARRY WILLS · RUSSELL KIRK

WILLMOORE KENDALL · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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For the Record

So vindictively is Princeton behaving in its treatment of Father Hugh Halton that he is not being allowed to use the facilities of the University Library (which are available to practically anyone who seeks them out). . . . When Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a Communist convicted under the Smith Act, was barred from speaking in Milwaukee, the University of Wisconsin's "student life and interest committee" immediately, and indignantly, invited her to speak from a Wisconsin podium. But University authorities vetoed the invitation.

A December quote for the record: "I feel confirmed in the conviction I have held for more than forty years that by and large the taste of the reading public is better than that of us who cater to it." Alfred A. Knopf, publisher of In the Court of Public Opinion, by Alger Hiss, principal book flop of 1957. . . . The announcement by CBS and NBC that they will no longer censor the words in those of Stephen Foster's songs that are official state songs (e.g., "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River") does not satisfy the House Commerce Committee, which questions the power of networks to censor songs at all.

In New Jersey, where two "modern Republicans" already are in the field for retiring Senator H. Alexander Smith's seat, business and industrial leaders are resisting Washington efforts to "draft" Labor Secretary Mitchell into the primary. Mitchell's denunciations of "right to work" laws are not popular in industrial New Jersey.

It is the Soviet Union, say Iron Curtain refugees, which put the pressure on Secretary General Hammarskjold to force Povl Bang-Jansen to turn over the list of Hungarian revolt witnesses to the UN Secretariat where the USSR is represented. If the Russians are successful, which they haven't been so far, their success would serve as an effective warning to potential witnesses in the event of future uprisings in Iron Curtain countries. . . . The Supreme Soviet approved the 1958 budget by a democratic vote of 1347 to 0. . . . The ten NATO countries last year spent $59.5 billion on defense, with the U.S. paying $44 billion.

Hungarian refugees living in New Jersey are mailing handsome Christmas-gift certificates to prominent officials of the Red Government in Budapest. The certificates are redeemable at a New York funeral home.

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The WEEK

● *Next* time, we just won't liberate Norway!

● Is the United States being turned toward isolationism? Whoever would have thought, in Paris last week, that the country most anxious to protect Europe against Communism was three thousand miles away? Will the defeatism and cowardice of Norway and Denmark spread to other nations in Europe? Might the United States even be told, at the next international conference, to go home and mind its own business?

● The Spanish Government is requesting an additional $30 million to shore up its internal economy, ravaged by inflation, drought and floods. Here is a modest request from an unwavering friend of America, on whose territory the U.S. maintains three vital bases. Having so recently experienced the inconstancy of some of our friends, we should cherish, more zealously than ever, those nations on whom we can rely. Spain should get the money.

● Now we know how all that grammar and all those commas got into the President's speeches in Paris. Cholly Knickerbocker states he knows for a fact that Adlai Stevenson, while at the State Department recently, touched up the speeches that had been prepared for Eisenhower and Dulles to deliver in and around the NATO conference.

● President Eisenhower's work schedule in the three weeks following his stroke clearly demonstrates his determination not to spare himself physically. His pursuit of duty even at the risk of physical injury calls for admiration—even from those who feel his policies do not advance the national interest. There are those who feel that Mr. Eisenhower's exertions invite personal catastrophe. We pray they will not; and caution that if tragedy strikes, the critics of Mr. Eisenhower should not be held accountable. They—we—urge Mr. Eisenhower to spare himself: by stepping down, at least for a period long enough to insure a decent recuperation.

● General Alfred M. Gruenther, President of the American Red Cross, has charged the Soviet bloc with disrupting the international conference recently held in New Delhi by turning it, in direct violation of the Red Cross charter, to political ends. The Communists spent their time propagandizing against the running of nuclear tests; and endeavoring to persuade the Asian delegates to line up with the Soviet Union on "the peace issue." General Gruenther and the American delegation got in some hot licks for "the blood program, home nursing and disaster relief." Do conferences of *any* kind in which Communists participate make sense?

● Soviet movie producers, says *Izvestia*, should put more propaganda and less romance in their pictures. From that we gather that *Izvestia* has just taken a good look at some of Russia's leading ladies.

Belgrade has expressed "misgivings" about the newly-appointed U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia, Karl L. Rankin. Reason: he is regarded in Belgrade as "stiffly anti-Communist." NATIONAL REVIEW does not share Belgrade's misgivings. Reason: Ambassador Rankin *is* stiffly anti-Communist. May his tribe increase.

● Three hundred American, British, French, Belgian and other Western businessmen were summarily called in by military authorities in Jakarta the other day and informed that one-quarter of the buildings they owned were being taken over by the Indonesian government (and not C.O.D.). The businessmen said it was not clear to them *why* their property was being expropriated, possibly because the meeting was conducted in Indonesian, a language in which they were not proficient. We don't know Indonesian either, but we think we understand that in Indonesia, as elsewhere, thieves concern themselves less with the identity of the victim than with his wealth.

● Canada's Liberal Party has scheduled a convention this January in Ottawa to choose a successor to Mr. St. Laurent. The Liberals will look for a new leader who will "produce a new positive policy." And everybody knows who is going to be picked. And everybody *should* know that Lester Pearson's blend of pacifism and conciliation toward the Soviet Union and state welfarism at home, is not new, not positive, and not calculated to advance the fortunes of the world, of Canada, or of the Liberal Party.

● Communist China acknowledges that there has been "unrest," "agitation" and even "violence" among ten million Chinese students, government and Party officials, and other "intellectuals" recently reassigned to agricultural work. Like his capitalist counterparts, Comrade Mao is having trouble keeping them down on the farm after they've seen Peiping. But unlike his counterparts, Mao has a way of making his decisions stick.

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● Messrs. Blaine M. Miller, Jr. and Richard E. Stockwell, two of General Electric's aviation experts, took a hard look at Soviet commercial aviation during an extended recent trip to Russia. They report some very impious things about the TU-104 jet transport, the pride of the Russian fleet that flew the Soviet delegates to the current UN Assembly meeting. The TU-104, they say, is uneconomical, heavy, noisy and slow-climbing. "The jet exhausts set up a turbulence around the tail that causes much vibration and possible structural problems. . . . The TU-104 has very high fuel consumption. TU-104 pressurization is quite inadequate." Perhaps the airplane's designers were traumatized by some Russian McCarthy.

● NATIONAL REVIEW once predicted that the talks between U.S. Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson and Red Chinese Ambassador Wang, which have been held in Geneva since the fall of 1955 to "discuss" American prisoners illegally held in Red China, would some day discontinue due to the death or old age of one or all of the principals. We are proved wrong. The talks *did* discontinue last week: not because they weren't getting anywhere, not because a solution was reached, not because we were looking foolish; but because Ambassador Johnson was transferred to a new post. Perhaps at the next summit conference, if there is to be one, arrangements will be made to schedule another set of talks about how to repatriate American prisoners. We might introduce into the agenda the question of old-age benefits for them.

● The Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Lions Club in Cumberland, Maryand, had a yen to know what life in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was really like, so they invited a man familiar with the scene to tell them. They learned that in Soviet Russia freedom of speech, of assembly, and of religion are strictly protected; that the Russian people live fourteen times better than they did before the Revolution; that the launching of Sputnik testifies to the productivity of men who know that they labor for themselves; that the people are delighted to be ruled by the Communist Party because they "trust the Party." The expert assured the elders of Cumberland that the so-called satellite nations are entirely independent of Soviet Russia and that the Party has no desire to Communize the world. To whom had the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Lions Club turned to hear the truth about the USSR? To Vladimir Lavrov, counsellor to the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

● Have we, having had so very much that is New and so very much that is Modern, maybe had *too* much? Russell Kirk wrote us recently that no man has ever called him a New Conservative to his face. The other day we read that Mr. Robert K. Gray, an aide to Governor Sherman Adams, no less, opened a speech to Republican women recently by saying "I dislike being branded as a 'Modern' Republican." If this sort of thing continues, some bold public figure is going to admit that at heart he's just a plain c-ns-rv-t-v- R-r-bl-c-n.

● What is it in the climate of Britain that pushes the Left almost invariably to believe that trust and good will, even to the extent of unilateral disarmament, are enough to mollify potential enemies? In the thirties, the old pacifist, George Lansbury, committed large elements of his Labor following to a simple faith that the League of Nations made British rearming unnecessary; that was his idea of opposing Hitler. Now it is Bevan, who thinks a little talk at the summit with Khrushchev would result in a "negotiated European peace." Even to the left of Bevan (if you can bear to think of such a place) is a Labor M.P. named Harold Davies, who says that Britain could achieve the "initiative" in world leadership by abandoning any idea of nuclear armament even in advance of a conference. It can't be, it just can't be, that British labor has been infiltrated by sly Communist "conditioners." No, the charitable view is that it's something in the slow fogs that arise from the Mersey and the Thames that addles socialist brains.

● Nobody, it seems, to this day knows whether military aid to Yugoslavia is to be discontinued, or continued, or—well, why not, in our topsy-turvy world? —both. But the following, reports the *Times'* Jack Raymond, are the relevant considerations: *a*) The US has been considering a suggestion from Marshal Tito that the aid be discontinued, and has been leaning that way, sort of, but *b*) Tito has now discovered that immediate discontinuance would cost him 200 jet planes he thinks maybe he would like to have, and *c*) Tito's spokesmen have discovered that he didn't suggest that aid be discontinued, but rather that discontinuance be considered, besides which *d*) Tito is irritated at all this talk about his moving closer to the Soviet Union, since it impugns Yugoslav independence, and *e*) the State Department is "concerned" over the possibility Tito may begin to accept aid from the USSR, which won't do, so that *f*) the State Department is irritated, too, so that *g*) at present there exists "mutual irritation," the more since *h*) Tito struck the Department below the belt by reminding it of its difficulties with Congress over foreign aid—thus, one supposes, impugning *its* independence. We might add that *we* are mutually irritated, also, with *a*) Tito, *b*) the State Department, and *c*) Jack Raymond, whom we suspect of pulling our leg.

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Some More Interdependent Than Others

We picture it as it might have been: a declaration not of interdependence but of mutual trust; a reciprocal commitment to share risks and make sacrifices on whatever scale may be needed; an affirmation of intent by the Atlantic Community not merely to "meet" the Soviet threat but to draw its teeth. As it might have been had it marched, without ambiguities, non sequiturs, or anticlimaxes, direct from its unexceptionable premises to the conclusions to which they inescapably point. As it might, and would, have been with a different President, armed with a different policy, and willing, as President Eisenhower was not, to call things by their right names.

The premises, we repeat, are unexceptionable. The free world, the declaration asserts, faces the "mounting challenge" of international Communism "backed by Soviet power." The Soviet leaders, the dedication goes on in effect, continue to remind us of their determination to dominate the world. The peoples they have already engulfed have been sacrificed to Soviet schemes of world conquest. This is both a "tragedy" and a "threat to the entire world." The free world must, then, organize all its resources, and deploy them where the situation demands. This calls for planning and action predicted on the principle of interdependence; and to that principle we must pledge ourselves.

Always, however, the conferees fail to draw the obvious inference, to march where the premises point.

The danger is "mounting"? All they propose to do is serve repeated notice on the Soviets that an attack on one NATO country will be treated as an attack on all.

The danger is a common danger? Then how can Norway, and Denmark, and Belgium and, yes, Germany, be permitted to shirk the common responsibility by indicating that they will refuse to accept missiles bases, and so try to export a war fought as much for their security as for anyone else's?

Much of Europe has already fallen prey to the "danger"? All they can say is that if the free nations are "steadfast," the "totalitarian menace will recede."

What concretely do we do while waiting for it to recede? Combine our efforts and skills, especially with an eye to the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and the development and better organization of scientific cooperation.

What do we ultimately do about it if, perversely, the menace refuses to recede? The conference's answer, visible between the lines from beginning to end of the document, fairly cries up to you: Live with it, keeping just strong enough to make the USSR wait another day, two perhaps, before striking.

Are missile bases in Europe crucial to our safety? If so, the conference failed, since all the United States got was an "agreement in principle" to situate them in any European country that, when the time comes, is willing to accept them; moreover, with a prior commitment on our part to "joint control" of the "trigger" by the NATO command and the government of the country concerned. We came back from Paris, that is, with less than we had before.

We've Been Waiting for It

The human mind is marvelously facile, and it pays to remember that in surveying the week's news. That facileness has its uses. It is due to it that a "case" can be made for any scoundrel, an excuse offered for any act of skulduggery. Can't you just see old Edward Bennett Williams, his eyeglasses sliding further and further down the bridge of his nose as he surveys the data, emitting a Whew! every time Frank Costello or Jimmy Hoffa turns his latest difficulty over to him? But sure enough, before he's through, Williams will be explaining to the jury just how it happens that the entire superstructure of Western justice leans on their voting Not Guilty. Often (assuming the attorney's facility is first rate) the bewitchment takes hold in at least the one person necessary—and the Costellos, the Hoffas, the Lizzie Bordens, the Leopolds and Loebs, get off lightly, or altogether. One juror kept Hoffa from going to jail last week.

And a philosophy professor, Giorgio de Santillana of MIT, has finally dragged out into the open and attempted to institutionalize a comparison that has a thousand times been hinted at in the last three years. Now it is official: Oppenheimer is another Galileo. The article by Mr. de Santillana is given one of those prodigious send-offs by the *Reporter* Magazine—pages and pages for the article itself, and two thousand words for Editor Max Ascoli in which to say that the lead article in this week's issue is of enormous political, economic, philosophical, military, diplomatic, metaphysical and literary consequence. Whether, on taking on the challenge to make the analogy between Oppenheimer and Galileo, Mr. de Santillana exclaimed, Whew! one does not know. It is not safe to assume that he did. Having read the article we cannot even dismiss the possibility that the author believes what he says.

The rubric under which Mr. de Santillana writes is neatly summarized by Max Ascoli, who states "A scientist who works for the government and does not want to be considered a security risk is well advised

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if he drops the habit of taking counsel with his conscience."

All one needs to do to believe that Oppenheimer is a Galileo is to accept that statement. That is all.

But let us, at the risk of being tedious, note down, for the record, one or two of the *dis*similarities between the Galileo and the Oppenheimer cases.

1. Galileo's essential astronomical generalizations were correct and observably so, when, in 1633, he was forced by a court of Inquisitors in Rome to recant. Oppenheimer was not dropped by the Atomic Energy Commission for having pressed "correct" but embarrassing positions. The position taken by Oppenheimer (that the U.S. should not build an H-Bomb) was mentioned in but one of the 24 counts which the tribunal that revoked his security clearance considered. And though policies, unlike astronomical theories, cannot by scientific method be demonstrated to be "correct" or "incorrect," it is generally agreed that Oppenheimer's policy was very, very "incorrect." In other words, to the extent Oppenheimer was persecuted merely for having opposed a crash program to develop the hydrogen bomb, he was persecuted for being wrong, whereas Galileo was persecuted for being right; and some people would say that makes quite a difference.

2. Galileo's scientific goings and comings were not the proper concern of the Church. Oppenheimer's reliability, on the other hand, was a legitimate, indeed a mandatory, concern of his government.

3. It was up to the Church, not Galileo, to reconcile Galileo's scientific findings with the Church's dogmas —assuming reconciliation were needed. Scientist and theologian, within their own disciplines, use terms in different ways. A scientist can say the sun is the center of our universe; and a theologian that the earth is the center: and both are correct. Galileo attempted to usurp churchly responsibilities in insisting that parts of the Bible should be read as allegory, and in doing so he was wrong—as wrong as the Church was in disputing, on *a priori* grounds, his scientific discoveries. In 1947 the question arose whether the hydrogen bomb should be developed. The decision was the government's to make. Dr. Oppenheimer's habit of pressing his views on general policy from a platform to which he was invited to speak on matters of science, disquieted the government, in the same way that Galileo's strictures on the Bible disturbed the Vatican.

And 4. Galileo is properly a symbol of an undiscerning theocracy. Oppenheimer is a symbol—not of an undiscerning state, but of an undiscerning intellectual class. The Inquisitors of 1633 betrayed reason and truth; in our day Bruno Pontecorvo, Alan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs and Albert Einstein were the betrayers. The Oppenheimer case is a symbol of society's efforts to protect itself against its betrayers.

Look Back in Anger

One expects that the police will tap wires when dealing with known crooks and racketeers; that they will sometimes be rough with a suspect who has already been "fingered" by a stool pigeon; that they will not always be respectful of the rights of a graduate of Sing Sing or Matteawan; and that they will even use untoward language with Caspar Milquetoast when that luckless individual has been caught parking within twenty-five feet of a street intersection. But the Motormen's Benevolent Association of New York City was engaged in nothing illegal in 1955, when the New York Transit Authority, with the connivance of the police, first planted a "bug"—a concealed microphone—to eavesdrop on its deliberations.

In this connection we can only revert to what the Founding Fathers quite definitely had in mind in 1787, when they were writing the Constitution. The Founders may not have been prepared to say precisely what was meant by the General Welfare. They may have been of two minds about such things as the continuation of the slave trade, or whether a tariff was justified for purposes other than revenue, or whether the federal government had the power to buy land from a foreign king. But of one thing the Founders were absolutely sure: that nobody should have the right of entry into a private dwelling or office without a search warrant detailing just what was likely to be found on the premises in the way of wrongdoing.

It might be argued by casuists that a "bug" is an inanimate object: after all, it cannot very well carry a search warrant with it. But a "bug" is nonetheless an extension of the human ear. The Motormen's Benevolent Association, with the shades of Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, *et al.*, at its collective back, has a right to be angry. We hope it will not let the anger die.

Court OK's Xmas

Our boiling point is, admittedly, low. As with Napoleon's tomb, you have to look down to see it. And now we confess to having had, even in this season of good cheer, the *most* uncharitable thoughts about some of our fellow men.

What has driven us to this position has been a series of news stories that remind us that Christmas is, among other things, open season for attacks on Christmas. A town in Illinois, for instance, was attacked by the American Civil Liberties Union for using Christmas decorations this year. . . . A judge enjoined a New Jersey town from playing Christmas carols over a public address system in the Town

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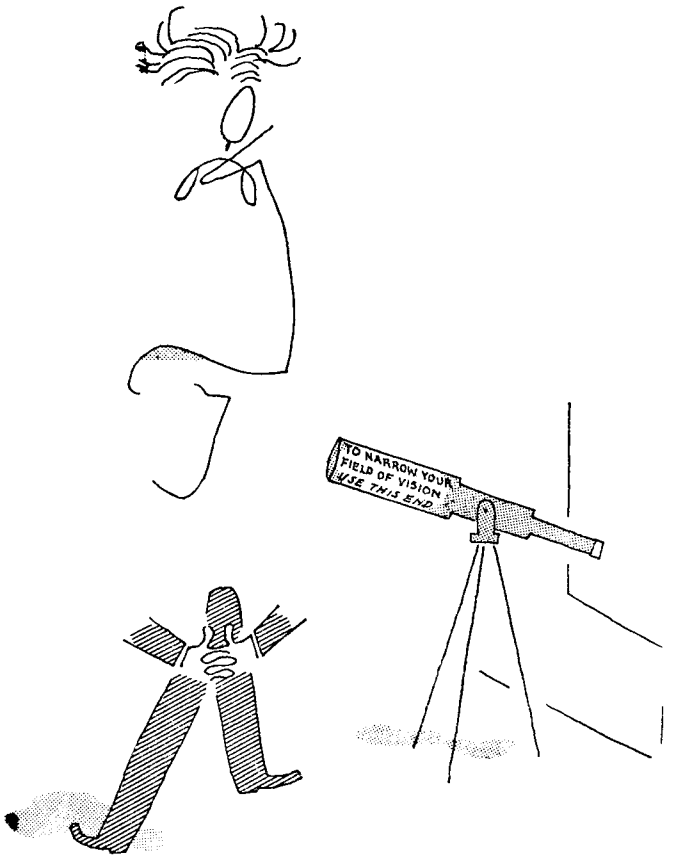

Kreuttner

"The sanctity of an oath to uphold the Constitution is relative. How on earth can you equate a Congressman's Cynical Repudiation with a Supreme Court Justice's Agonizing Reappraisal?"

Square. . . . In many towns teachers instructed the children to sing "Deck the Hall" and other songs without religious connotations, rather that "Silent Night" or "O Little Town of Bethlehem." We were about to reflect that if Mary and Joseph were to knock on the door of the typical American bureaucrat today they would be refused shelter on the grounds of the First Amendment . . . when we ran into the case of Ossining, New York.

In Ossining, a group of "public minded" citizens sought an injunction to bar the Board of Education from allowing a citizens' group to set up a crèche in front of the public High School. They were acting, they said, to preserve our religious freedom, and secure that separation of church and state stipulated by the First Amendment.

New York Supreme Court Justice Frank M. Coyne authorized the crèche and contributed the following sanity to the understanding of the First Amendment:

"The constitutional prohibition relating to separation of church and state does not imply an impregnable wall or cleavage completely dissociating one from the other. While it is necessary that there be a separation of church and state, it is not necessary that the state should be stripped of all religious sentiment. . . . The Constitution does not demand that every friendly gesture between the church and state should be discountenanced nor that every vestige of the existence of God be eradicated."

God rest ye merry, Your Honor!

Teacher of Virtue

Harriet Vane and Lord Peter Wimsey have been dead for many years—victims, according to their creator, of the British income tax, which made it no longer worth her while to write about them. They will, however, live on in the heart of every man who fell in love with Miss Vane when, in *Strong Poison,* Lord Peter was saving her from the gallows; who shared with her, in *Gaudy Night,* her ordeal in an Oxford women's college terrorized by obscene phrases mysteriously scribbled upon walls (Lord Peter, of course, worked that one out, too); who shared Lord Peter's pride in her during their honeymoon in *Busman's Holiday.*

The Lord Peter stories, like the Father Brown stories, were never just—or even primarily—detective stories: Dorothy Sayers, like Chesterton, wrote about evil in order to teach virtue. If Chesterton was the greater teacher of virtue, she was the greater detective story writer; besides which she found, after the income tax had put her out of the detective story business, new ways of teaching that Chesterton would have been the first to admire. Her *Mind of the Creator,* a brilliant exploration of the analogy between divine creation and artistic creation, is one of the great religious books of our time; and Miss Sayers gave her last years to tireless labor on translations of Dante into her pure and vibrant English idiom. Now she too is dead. We shall cherish her memory as she would have wished us to—by cherishing her books, and the truth they stand for.

Our Contributors: J. A. LUKACS ("The End of History"), of the faculty of Chestnut Hill College, is the author of *The Great Powers and Eastern Europe.*

In the course of the pleasantest telephone conversation the other day, Professor Revilo Oliver observed that both Sputniks, the one in the skies over Russia and the one in the sands of Florida, are easily explained in the easiest terms; both got where they are through international cooperation. Really, Revilo!—we said to him. Just remember, he answered professorially, that the easiest hypothesis is most often the correct one.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Interview With the Old Year

I told Sherman Adams not to interrupt me. I wanted to talk to the old man about what *he* thought about it. He had spent a lifetime with the problem, and he ought to have some ideas as good as Governor Adams' maybe; besides, this was his last night—at midnight he'd be through.

I threw it right at him, I told him everyone said I shouldn't resign because "the country needs you," and what did he think? The old man seemed a little taken aback from the question, so I began by asking what he thought of my Doctrine on the Middle East, since the year started off with that, and since Truman said he liked it although Truman hadn't thought of it when he was President. The old man agreed that the Russians hadn't invaded any of the Middle East, at least not with their Army. I knew that he was hinting about Syria and that Egypt was even more dependent on Russia than it was; therefore I reminded him the Doctrine was not designed to solve Communist infiltration and subversion techniques. He said I was right about that.

I thought the old man would be even more pleased about the Far East—nothing had been lost there like under his predecessors, 1954 for example—so I mentioned it, in an offhand way. But he brought up the Formosa riots and that that had been our closest ally, which I thought was unfair since what the Chinese were probably mad about was that they couldn't go back to the mainland and we couldn't let them do that because that would be aggressive war and this was against our principles. I think he saw that point so I mentioned another reason for the riots which was this: that we hadn't let the Chinese indict one of our men, but that we had made up for that in the Girard case in Japan.

The old man asked about Girard's constitutional rights. I retorted that that is what we have a Supreme Court for and that in *most* cases during 1957 the Supreme Court *upheld* individuals' constitutional rights. He did not answer that directly but observed that the Jencks, Watkins and Yates decisions were probably examples of what I was talking about. I reminded him that my Administration had constantly decried picayune efforts to discredit the Supreme Court because it was the law of the land, and the Chief Justice, and because we had to have unity for the benefit of our friends abroad. He mentioned Little Rock, which did seem like an innuendo.

Since we were on the subject of making the world sympathize with us, I mentioned the foreign aid program which under me was bigger than ever before so that nations which wanted economically would not go Communist. The old man asked if we were going to give additional aid to Indonesia and I said the State Department hadn't decided yet but that we would not be weak or pusillanimous in our efforts to help friendly governments. He asked if I meant Poland and Yugoslavia. But I right away knew what he was driving at. I replied that our effort toward Yugoslavia was pusillanimous because Tito wouldn't take any more; and that as for Poland, Gomulka hadn't fallen, had he? and that the prospects of dangerous fighting in Eastern Europe had diminished since I had demonstrated our willingness to support only peaceful revolutions. The old man admitted that he hadn't experienced any Hungarys.

I told him my friends also said this: that Republican principles here at home would not triumph without my staying as the symbol of the Party. He said that since he was an off-year, he had not had much experience in politics; only in Wisconsin and New Jersey. So I went on to something else, the economic health of the country which they tell me is because the people have faith in me. The old man brought up the stock market. I explained that I still hoped to make a television address to restore confidence.

The old man then asked if I had given sufficient consideration to the main issue bothering the country, the state of our military defenses against the Soviet Union. I told him that that happened to be the main argument of Governor Adams and the others: that a military man of proved administrative genius—that was their word—is what the country needs at this historical moment. He asked whether that was what the country needed at the historical moment we decided to do our satellite program for science or when we decided against a crash missile program. I could see the old man was now playing the devil's advocate, so I answered his parry with a thrust of my own. I suppose, I said casually, that you have seen the reports of the successful firing of the Atlas. He asked me, facetiously of course, if that was the 5,000-mile missile that went 200 miles. He also asked if I had seen the U.S. intelligence reports of a Russian 5,000-mile missile that went 5,000 miles. Or the reports that two Russian satellites are already in the sky. And did I know that news of Vanguard's failure had leaked out.

I told him, rather sternly I must say, that he was missing the main point which was, does the country need me *now*? I reminded him of the old adage about not crying over spilt milk and that the important thing, everyone says, is to have a man with prestige that can keep the Free World Strong and United. And he said: Like you did at Paris? I don't know what the country would have done without you at Paris. Through your prestige and eloquence you persuaded the NATO countries to agree "in principle" to let us install missile bases in Western Europe for their defense. Only most of the countries seem to be under the impression this means somewhere in Western Europe besides their own territories. Moreover, they have all apparently been assured of a veto over when and if missiles will be fired. And as the price of this victory, you agreed "in principle" to negotiate with the Russians about, among other things, *not* installing missile bases in Western Europe. . . .

I rang for Sherman.

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Prosiness in Purple

Her nose firmly gripped between forefinger and thumb, Mrs. Heath plunges into a dozen movie magazines. For her pleasantly acidulous comments, read on

ALOISE HEATH

Page 34 of the current issue of an immensely popular periodical devoted to furthering world knowledge and understanding of movie stars features the all but life-sized likeness of a rather pleasant-looking young man in a bathing suit. His name, the caption says, is Tab Hunter, and furthermore, the caption says: "Bet if we asked you . . . you could write a book —about the way he talks, and whispers and . . . looks." (Punctuation theirs.)

NATIONAL REVIEW, one assumes happily, could not base a successful fund-raising drive on a bet of this kind. You, for one, certainly could *not* write a book about the way young what's-his-name talks, and whispers . . . and looks, for Pete's sake! Well, it just happens, dear reader, that you are, as usual, in the minority. The readers of *Filmland, Hollywood Stars, Modern Screen, Movie Album, Movieland, Movie Mirror, Movie Show, Movie World, Photoplay, Screenland, Screen Parade, Screen Stars, Silver Screen, etc.,* who outnumber you by many, many thousands, will take that bet and win it.

Between thirty and forty million Americans, it is claimed, are regular readers of one or more movie magazines, and, of these, several million read *ten or more a month. Every month!* The news dealer who is my informant tells me that when (and if) children outgrow comic books, they turn *en masse* to movie magazines. In late adolescence, the boys (ah! the questing male!) abandon such immature literature for the real-true-crime, or the peek-and-pry kind of thing, but the girls, says my friend, never stop reading movie magazines at all—ever. Or they haven't in the thirty years my friend has been a news dealer.

Those who perused ten movie magazines this month, as did the unhappy Aloise Heath, read six full-length articles about Pat Boone, five about Ava Gardner, five about Anthony Perkins, five about Natalie Wood, five about Jayne Mansfield, five about Tab Hunter (he's the one they bet you could write a book about the way he you-know-whats) and five about one Anthony Franciosa. (And don't say: "Who on earth are all these people?" *to me,* because I'm the girl who can tell you—this month anyway.)

Researchers into the literature of the silver screen have also read several hundred shorter features and several thousand "gossip" items, all of which say, as do the articles, exactly the same thing about exactly the same people. All of them have the drama, suspense and just *sheer fun* of the following thriller (illustrated by four large photographs) which I quote in its entirety because it is even more like all the others than all the others are.

"Elvis Presley Double Date"

You have probably heard by now how Elvis Presley surprised Hollywood with his good manners and respect for the acting profession. Old timers expected him to be a brash youngster with a know-it-all attitude, but he turned out to be quiet and hard working. The two women in his latest film, "Loving You," became very friendly with him while the movie was being shot so when the work was finished and they all had time for some socializing, one co-star, Liz Scott invited Elvis to bring his other co-star, Dolores Hart to her home for a casual afternoon at home. They toured Liz' handsome house on arrival, had lunch, sat in the garden and played cards and talked, talked, talked the whole time. In fact such a good time was had by all that the three agreed they would get together again very soon.

You think I made that one up, don't you? All right, *you* read *Movie Magazine.* Find out the hard way. The literature of the silver screen is, then, if you're still with me, stupefyingly dull, and it is objectively incredible that millions of people intelligent enough to read can notwithstanding read this kind of thing; unless of course they read them for the ads, for weird and wonderful things indeed are to be gleaned from the advertising columns of movie magazines. In fact after reading them you can only wonder why so few people are Absolutely Perfect. No gumption probably. The main advertising feature, as might be expected, is standard perfume-pomade-potion stuff, all guaranteed to contract or expand any desired area of the anatomy and to turn it the color, texture and flavor that brings out the real *You.* (And that'll be the day: when thirty or forty million movie magazine readers have their real *Them* brought out. That'll be the day *I* move to Samarkand.)

Charm School

The advertising columns also feature at least fifty, or what seems like fifty, books on the acquisition of charm, which involves a great deal more than you have hitherto believed. Besides telling you to be pretty, poised, punctual and to Find Out What His Interests Are, one book seems to devote an entire sub-section to the fascinating problem of "How To Keep One Foot At Right Angles to the Other." (So help me.) Another book has an article on Smoking Prettily and still another what seems to be a complete chapter on "How to Lift One Eyebrow Alone Without Changing the Facial Expression." I think I'll send for that one, as a matter of fact; I've been wanting to raise one eyebrow lately.

(But first I intend to avail myself of the sensational, unparallelled, for-a-limited-time-only, send only 75 cents plus 25 cents postage, offer of

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a ring bearing a 3-D image of Elvis Presley in full, glowing color. And the ad says his eyes seem to follow you everywhere.)

It is hardly surprising, of course, that readers of movie magazines need charm and want Elvis Presley. What *is* surprising, to this laywoman at any rate, is the fact that, according to the advertising columns, at least 95 per cent of these readers seem to suffer from the same exotic illness. For most of these periodicals advertise no less than fifteen different remedies for a strange and horrible disease called *psoriasis*. I don't know what psoriasis is, and I don't intend to look it up because it sounds like the kind of thing I should like to continue to not know about. It is obviously strange and horrible, however—otherwise it would not be called psoriasis; it would be called chicken-pox, or backache—and I feel that the fact that this malady is suffered by a great majority of thirty or forty million Americans *all of whom read movie magazines,* is significant enough to demand an immediate and intensive investigation by persons other than myself, who am too busy.

"Fahnstahstic!"

Unfortunately, the non-commercial, or less directly commercial columns of the movie magazines are far less interesting than those paid for by the inch. From the literary, or, more accurately, the literate standpoint, their language is not only pretentious, but unforgivably incorrect: rumors are always *ripe* in Hollywood, for instance; actors spend *torturous* years achieving success; Anthony Perkins "heatedly objects to being aggressed"; Yul Brynner's favorite word is "Fahnstahstic!" The prose is not so much purple as maroon: "But how many years has he left in which to pander [*sic*, naturally] his one ace in hole when it comes to stock-in-trade? . . . But he has simply not suffered enough; he has not tasted the darker wine in life's cup as yet, and as a result he lacks that tragic sense of life . . ." etc.

Contrary to unpopular, or minority impression, however, movie magazines are anything but sensational; their trash is of the Disposall, not the septic tank variety. Only her photographs identify the Maureen O'Hara of *Photoplay* with the Maureen O'Hara of *Confidential,* for movie stars, as us readers know even if you don't, are Just Plain Folks Except Prettier. Nor do the magazines allow any possible misinterpretation of the activities of the constellation members. When an actress tells us that she and her husband simply *"dash* home to see our child—we sometimes make it a race to see who can get there first," she quickly explains: ". . . but that's all in fun, of course. It doesn't really matter." When Bette Davis says: "The best advice ever given me was by Charles Laughton. He said, 'Never lack the courage to hang yourself,' " she is careful to add: "Of course, the term was used figuratively." (In other words, Charles Laughton did *not* recommend suicide, and Bette Davis did *not* consider such a recommendation the best advice ever given her. Because if he *had,* she *wouldn't,* but he *didn't.* See?)

Every article, item or feature about a married actress currently living with her husband contains the words: "Small wonder Mary spends her happiest hours in her favorite rôle—Mrs. John Smith, housewife." Elizabeth Taylor's husband informs a world which had rather suspected it that "Liz is basically a woman." Nobody, but nobody, can be allowed to deviate from Just Plain Folksiness: when Katherine Hepburn tells a columnist that "if only men would pay more attention to us homely girls, what affection they would get," the columnist adds hastily, "I've never thought of Katie as a homely girl, have you? And she certainly had her share of affection and a wonderful marriage in the early part of her career—it lasted from 1928 to '35." (How wonderful, after all, can a marriage get?) The other little clichés you already have at the tip of your tongue. Like: "I have more fun just staying around the house with my mother than I do going on dates," says Just Plain Debra Paget; like: "Keep your thinking high and your living simple," says Just Plain Terry Moore; like: "Whenever I feel that I am growing too big for my britches, I ask myself, 'What will God think if I fail to live up to my responsibilities?' " says Just Plain Pat Boone. (I couldn't actually *find* anyone who said: "My philosophy is 'Open Up Your Heart and Let the Sunshine In,' " but someone did. Take my word for it.)

Just Folks

The normal person's craving for privacy is as pronounced in Hollywood as it is where you and I live, incidentally, and if you don't believe it, you can see, in each of two magazines this month, photographic sequences of a mother and daughter and of a husband and wife who have slipped away from photographers to spend a day alone together. (Honest!) And, nervous Mothers' Circles to the contrary, the photographic staffs of movie magazines are just as concerned about Mothers' Circles as the editorial staffs—or as vice versa. They feature many beauties in bathing suits, but very few girls in gauze; and in ten periodicals, I came upon only one photograph which might give pause even to the movie-magazine-reading mother of a movie-magazine-reading daughter. This was a picture of Jayne Mansfield (40-18-35) at which four of *my* small daughters gazed in horror and apprehension. Did all grown-up ladies . . .? the eldest asked in hushed tones. Would even Pam and Priscilla and Alison and Betsey . . .? (No, I answered firmly, they would *not.* I, their mother, would see to it.)

The silver-screeners who are just simply not Plain Folks, no matter what your standards, are either More Sinned Against Than Sinning, or Crazy Mixed-Up Kids. Anthony Perkins, for instance, walked down Sun-

(*Continued on p. 16*)

Uriah Heep Rides Again

With daily devotions to Neutralist notions,
He sits at his own feet—A Pundit, a Pandit.
His principles, high, to Kashmir don't apply,
For there, the old Pandit behaves like a bandit.
And now, in retort to the UN report,
He urges objective, judicious restraint:
Let's listen to Russians, in legal discussions.
How else may we learn that what is, really ain't?

OZZIE CASWELL

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Down for the Count?

Is the United States merely living a difficult moment in its struggle, if any, against Soviet domination of the world—or is it *through*, so far "behind" the Soviet Union that it can no longer hope to catch up? Is its continued existence—still reported as a fact at this writing—to be explained only as a result of a temporary miscalculation by Soviet strategists?

The Liberal propaganda machine is not, of course, asking just these questions these days. But some of its most authoritative voices—those, let us note, that possess the greatest reputation for a "tough" willingness to face the facts—are in effect answering them, saying things that *imply* answers to them, and in a fashion that must leave credulous readers wondering: Why doesn't the USSR just take over?

Take, for instance, that hard-boiled old realist Joseph Alsop (don't ask, Since when hard-boiled, since when realistic?—that would be getting personal). The lowdown on the Paris Conference, he's here to tell you, is that it was dominated not by Bulganin, not by Eisenhower, but by something he chooses to call "the decline of the deterrent." Up to now, he submits, our strategy has rested upon the "combination of nuclear weapons plus the means of delivering those weapons to very distant targets"; and we could assume that the Kremlin would not provoke the U.S. into using its nuclear striking power. We did not, to be sure, act very intelligently in the context of that assumption: we "skimped" on conventional arms; even on the deterrent itself, while the Soviet Union did *not* skimp on it.

The result? The Soviet Union today has a large strategic air command of its own, a "big stock of medium-range missiles" that can quickly destroy our overseas bases, and—on the horizon, at least—a "stock of gets; and we could assume that the targets within the United States. Meaning what? That the United States today could not "conceivably be provoked into using its nuclear striking power," since *our* deterrent has "virtually lost its offensive capability." What we attempted at Paris was, by placing short-range missiles of our own in Western Europe, to regain our "lost offensive capability." We failed, since our allies refused to agree to the use, for offensive purposes, of short-range missiles based on their territory. The deterrent still works—but only mildly, only "within the narrow limits of the NATO countries, only for the moment, and only because the USSR itself does not yet have nuclear striking power in the amount specified above. All of which comes to what? Alsop doesn't say; but we can easily draw the correct inference for ourselves: The United States is a has-been in the world power struggle.

Or take Mr. Hardboiled himself, Professor Hans Morgenthau of the University of Chicago, whom the machine's not-traditionally-hardboiled *New Republic* chooses this moment to turn loose on the topic, "The Decline of America."

What, asks Morgenthau, has happened to the United States? Simply this: America's past greatness has rested on its *freedom*, its *equality of opportunity*, its *standard of living*, and its *technological excellence;* and the last of these, its technological excellence, has now been a) "destroyed" in the "eyes of the world," with disastrous consequences for our prestige, and b) "impaired" in point of "fact," with equally disastrous consequences for our "power."

Add all that up, and how bad is it? Well, as for the lessened prestige, that we can no doubt "live down"; but not the lessened power, especially the lessened "material military power." The Soviet Union, assuming "continuation of the present imbalance of technological ability," will "have operational ICBM's long before the United States"; and as matters now stand it is superior to the U.S. "in almost every department of warfare."

Morgenthau clearly does assume—on what grounds he does not say—continuation of the imbalance; but the main point he has to make is rather this: The United States will soon ("will," not "might," not "may") "find itself" in a "mortal danger" ("mortal," not "serious," not "grave"). Why? Because we now know that the American response to the imbalance is going to be a "slightly accelerated ICBM program" plus "relying for retaliatory power upon the IRBM based in Europe," and this won't do. Even if the slightly accelerated ICBM program will get us operational ICBM's as soon as the Russians have them (which he sees no reason to take for granted), our dependence through the immediate future upon overseas bases for our IRBM's is an "extreme hazard." "The U.S. is being compelled to stake its ability . . . to survive . . . upon the support of other nations . . . [Its need for] the Atlantic Alliance is . . . greater than it was before, [while] the political cohesion of the Atlantic Alliance . . . is lower . . . than it ever was . . ." A mortal danger indeed—and Morgenthau, remember, wrote these lines *before* the Paris Conference. We now *know* how slender our assurance really is that the bases we need will be available when we need them; and anyone who shares Morgenthau's other premises will be grateful to him for *not* having drawn the indicated conclusions. (He sidesteps the necessity by hauling in a *deus ex machina* that is going to restore American power—and ends, if you please, on an optimistic note!)

The indicated conclusion in both cases—that the U.S. has had it—is in this columnist's view wrong. To escape it, however, you have to go back and challenge the machine's premises—which are those of both the Alsops and Morgenthau—about the Soviet "lead." This the machine, mostly interested not in world strategy but in getting the Republicans out of power, is not in position to do. So the indicated conclusion may well become the Liberal Line.

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From Washington Straight

The Fleet Stands Ready at Norfolk to Counter any Soviet Submarine Attack

SAM M. JONES

Scores of would-be Paul Reveres are galloping up and down the land, crying: "The ICBM's are coming." High government officials, including Air Force Secretary James H. Douglas, have stated that if the Soviets should launch an intercontinental missile now, we would have no warning. Mr. Douglas said that we have only "components" of a warning system today but that the program is being advanced with the utmost urgency. Let us hope that the program prospers mightily and expeditiously and that in the meantime the ICBM's will *not* be coming, because if they do it will be all over before we know they are en route. Or so we are told by the people who should know.

There isn't much the average person can do about this. We can't rush to the barricades armed with 12-gauge shotguns, a 30-30 rifle, revolver and carving knives. But we can turn from a futile contemplation of potentially deadly skies to the known menace in the sea around us. In our great preoccupation with the possibility of a knockout blow from the air, we tend to ignore the enemy submarine.

We don't know for sure whether the Russian ICBM is perfected and ready for the kill. But the Navy knows that the Russian submarine fleet *is*. This may seem picayune compared to the horrendous vision of missiles from Moscow. But not when one leaves the stratosphere and gets down to our marine frontier.

The greatest naval base in the world today is Norfolk, Virginia. It is operational GHQ for the U.S. air, submarine and anti-submarine forces, and NATO—the first line of defense, and perhaps the last, of the Atlantic and the Caribbean.

Vice Admiral Frank T. Watkins is in command. When I interviewed him on a day of fog and rain and snow, he gave me a mental picture of Atlantic Ocean traffic. There are, he said, about 2,500 large merchant ships, today and every day, on average, moving along the Atlantic sea lanes. Ninety to 95 per cent of these ships are either American or those of countries with which we have common cause. They are laden with cargoes essential to the survival of the United States and the free nations. We know this. We also know, from *Jane's Fighting Ships,* among other sources, that Russia has built the world's largest submarine fleet.

Admiral Watkins has been a submariner for most of his naval career. Born in Provo, Utah, he served with the British as a submarine observer before Pearl Harbor. Then he became a U.S. Division Commander of submarines in the Pacific. He was the skipper of the "Flying Fish" when it met, attacked and sank heavily-convoyed Japanese craft.

I asked the Admiral, as the man who possesses both the academic knowledge and the practical experience to qualify as chief of our Atlantic defenses, to evaluate the enemy-submarine problem, in realistic, non-technical perspective.

The Admiral recalled a bit of important but almost forgotten history. "Germany," he said, "had only 57 submarines in commission in 1939, but between then and the end of the war, 900 more were commissioned and sent to sea. Seven hundred were known to be destroyed, but neither the incessant Allied bombing of German submarine bases, nor the terrific mortality rate at sea, stopped the flow of expendable undersea boats and crews, which in the first year of our participation in the war came very close to knocking us out of it, simply by destruction of shipping in the Atlantic.

"What Germany could do in that war with submarine weapons," the Admiral added, "is negligible compared to Russia's present potential. The submarine is no longer merely a menace to merchant and naval craft; it has the capacity to inflict incalculable damage on coastal areas.

"We have no proof that the Russians have guided-missile-equipped submarines, but it is reasonable to assume that they do have or will soon develop such ships and such weapons. This, in addition to their striking power at sea, forecasts a capacity to smash coastal naval and air bases and entire cities. One of our major tasks is to blunt this sort of attack."

I asked how much "blunting" we could count on.

"The amount of blunting we could do," Admiral Watkins replied, "against this type of all-out attack by the Russian submarine force, would be limited and would be directly proportional to the number of forces we have at sea at the time. Ship for ship and man for man we are prepared to meet any attack that may come. Every ship in the fleet is designed to take a part; to conduct a relentless, uninterrupted anti-submarine offensive. Our personnel is trained to conduct that sort of warfare. But I am speaking only of man for man, ship for ship, readiness—there are budgetary limitations."

In Norfolk, unlike Washington, one senses efficiency, skill and dedication. We may be blown to smithereens by Khrushchev riding bareback on an ICBM, with a bottle of vodka in one hand and a treatise on peace in the other. If so, we shall go boom into eternity and shall thus be spared the Kremlin's paeans of victory. If, on the other hand, we survive, it will be because of those who by land and sea and air blunt the attack.

There are Sputniks in the skies. About the Soviet ICBM we can only guess. "Of the gray-coats coming, who can say; when night is falling, all is gray." But the hunters, the "unidentified" submarine avant garde of the enemy, lie armed and waiting just outside our territorial waters. They are there to strike. But we are not sitting ducks.

From Hampton Roads through the Atlantic and the Caribbean, the shark-killers of the United States Navy are also there, armed and waiting. Admiral Watkins forewarns us that if and when the enemy strikes we shall suffer great losses and immense damage. But "man for man and ship for ship, we are ready."

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The Coming Defeat of Red China

The days of Communism in China, says the author, are numbered. And he tells how the Chinese will go about ridding themselves of the Red despots

RODNEY GILBERT

When the revolution in Hungary was running its short but spectacular course Milovan Djilas made the much quoted pronouncement: "This is the beginning of the end of Communism." For that and other published utterances he was sentenced to three years' hard labor in one of Tito's jails. Only recently he was sentenced to another seven-year term for the publication of a book, *The New Class*, in this country.

In many passages in that book he makes it abundantly clear that he considers the whole Communist scheme of things, theoretical or implemented, moribund. He is as certain that the great Red edifice is now tottering as he is that Rome was tottering early in the fifth century of our era; and as certain that it will collapse for keeps as he is that the great Roman Empire collapsed for keeps. But at no point does he say just how he thinks the huge Red Empire will be toppled; and at no point does he fix a date for that. But, according to one news report of his recent trial at which seven years were added to the two years left of his first term, he passed his wife as he was being led from the courtroom, smiled and said: "I'll be seeing you." Admittedly that could mean little or much. It could have been an assurance that he would outlive his sentence. To those who have read his book it will seem much more likely that he meant: "It won't be long now."

This is a possibility which seems to play almost no part in our government's calculations or in those of a substantial element in our population. Assuming that Communism will be an impregnable political system throughout much of the world for another generation or so, all hope for a relief from "tensions" is put in what a clever Japanese naval writer, commenting on the Kellogg Pact, once described as "peace by incantation."

Those who believe in "peace" by negotiation with an organization in the Kremlin which makes no secret of its ill will towards all our institutions and which actually glories in its record of bad faith, are going to be very skeptical about the likelihood of a collapse of the Red Empire within any reasonable time—within the period of Djilas' nine-year term, let's say. But what they will want to know explicitly is how it can possibly be brought about by anything short of World War III, of which they live from day to day in a horror that is truly a shame upon us and a delight to the Reds. An assurance that it will come from within elicits a demand for still more exact information, because of the widespread belief that, between indoctrination and police terrorism, the organization of revolt against Red totalitarianism is physically impossible; and because the moral stamina of the state-enslaved peoples within the Red Empire is supposed to have been absolutely extinguished. Then how can a movement to wipe out the various Red regimes ever get started or, if started, get anywhere?

Youth Feels Revulsion

I am going to be rash enough to tell just how it can start, develop and succeed. It is going to start, when it starts, with over-indoctrinated youth, as it did in Hungary and has already started to do in Red China, and maybe in Soviet Russia as well. We think that our young people are most susceptible to Communist persuasion. Spirited youth is rebellious. Marxism offers a medium through which the rebellious spirit can be expressed. That is all there is to that. If philosophical anarchism were still alive it would be a far more attractive medium of expression than "scientific socialism." But in a Communist country, where a girl or boy has to listen, day after day, to expositions of Marxism-Leninism and then apply himself to mountains of reading matter along the same line, the student can meanwhile look out of the window and see for himself the fruits of applied Communism. The result is a bitter and savage revulsion of feeling against the whole body of Red doctrine and against the despotism that is exploiting it.

Still, the legitimate question is: How can such a revulsion of feeling among young people against over-indoctrination and the evidence all about them that the fruits of it improve the lot of none but "the new class," bring about a great social holocaust in which the Red dictatorships will be consumed? I'll tell you, but in doing so I shall leave Soviet Russia and Moscow's European satrapies behind, because my knowledge of them is hearsay. I'm going to China, in and out of which I have been playing various parts for a bit more than forty-five years. I am going to tell how it can happen there and how it is very likely indeed to happen there fairly soon. But I must first of all tell why it is unlikely to happen in accordance with the Chinese historical precedents of the past 3,000 years or more.

The decline and collapse of almost every Chinese imperial dynasty and the succession of a new line to imperial power was according to fairly constant pattern. It went like this:

After a few generations the heirs to the dragon throne become weaker and more dissolute with each generation. Their courts are eunuch-ridden. If they happen to have strong men among their ministers, they are usually shrewd and unscrupulous men, well aware that the end is not far off, and who are therefore intent up-

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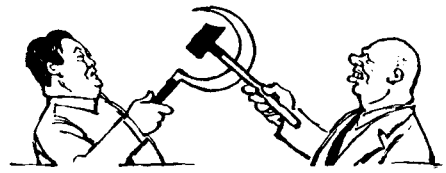
on putting away great fortunes for the benefit of their own posterity. All high provincial appointments are for sale at high prices. The appointed governors and viceroys are also well aware that the dynasty is slipping and are first of all intent upon recovering from their fields of extortion the prices they have paid for their appointments and a handsome endowment for their own posterity. So all provincial jobs under them are for sale at top prices; and all the little appointees are intent upon getting out of the people the investment in their license to loot and as much more as possible before the crash comes. The result is, of course, gross maladministration and extortion from both townsmen and villagers. Spirited rustics get into trouble and, when they see it coming, take to the hills and become "bandits"—yeomen outlaws of the Robin Hood type pestering officialdom but taking good care not to cause trouble for their own kind.

Raids by "Bandits"

It must be understood that, with a few exceptions, all the boundaries between China's provinces are marked by mountain ranges—rugged, partially wooded and thinly populated. It was in these border ranges that larger and larger aggregations of "bandits" would assemble, organize and make bolder and bolder raids into the provinces on both sides of the border. When the governor of one province decided that he had to clear his territory of them, his duty to himself and the state ended when his forces reached the boundary ridge. The bandits, if they weren't strong enough to hold their own, were of course by then on the other side of the ridge.

But as conditions got worse and bandits more numerous, the time came when they did not retreat but fought back and followed up their advantages deep into the governor's taxpaying and loot-yielding territory. Then there had to be a showdown. But soldiers sent against the bandits joined them. Officers who refused to go along were killed; but many of the shrewdest, ablest and most ambitious went along. They won command of a small horde. They arranged with similar leaders of other hordes for concerted action. They got the support of semi-religious secret revolutionary societies in the towns. Then all of a sudden, while the imperial court was hearing nothing of this but reports from one governor or another of his masterly suppression of banditry, a province was overwhelmed, then another and another. As armies sent against the movement joined it and tens of thousands of farmers, equipped with weapons forged by their village smiths, went along, it was a frankly proclaimed revolution, popular from end to end of the land, to which no body of soldiery, recruited from the same aggrieved class as the so-called "bandits," would offer more than trumpet-tooting resistance.

Now one can hear among Chinese on Formosa who are familiar with such historical precedents, much confidence expressed in an inevitable and all but imminent popular rising against the Red regime along the same lines. But if one has come to enjoy the confidence of former Nationalist guerrilla leaders on the



mainland, and of those still in contact with such guerrilla operations as have survived, one soon learns that there can be no adherence now to the old pattern. I'll cite one example, without giving any exact geographical information.

There is an anti-Communist force of about 2,500 men now operating in various parts of four southern provinces, constantly directed from a small industrial plant in Hong Kong and constantly reporting its doing to that obscure headquarters. This force once operated as a unit from a mountain base, as did the bandits of old. It is now split up into more than a hundred units; and none of these has a base anywhere. All are incessantly on the move. None is more than a nuisance to the Communists. Sabotage of communications is their only contribution to the anti-Communist cause. Four-fifths of their energies are devoted to the raiding of Communist stores of food and the hijacking of trucks and junks conveying food—just to feed themselves. Of course they know of mountain bases that could be readily defended against superior numbers and to which a call upon the villagers would certainly bring great numbers of recruits. But though their raids do sometimes net them arms and ammunition, they could not equip a force that would make a dent in the Red defense of any province. Village blacksmiths do not forge machine guns and tanks. But far more important than this—decisively important in this situation—is the fact that they cannot feed a large concentration of men anywhere.

This is something of which the Communists have taken care in a most methodical way. The Chinese farmer who now savagely resents the official expropriation of the fruits of his labors does not run away to the hills to join the bandits, for the good reason that the bandits are not there; and they are not there for the excellent reason that there is nothing there to eat. The Reds have taken it all and have moved it as swiftly as they could out of the reach of such small nuisance groups as I have described. The Chinese farmer today (or the collective into which he has been impressed) yields a fixed quota of his produce, estimated in advance and collected whether he produces it or not. He pays heavy taxes in kind. He delivers to the cooperative a certain fixed amount to be held for seed and as reserve against calamity. What is left is his; and if that isn't enough to see him and his family through the winter and spring—it is just too bad. People in that condition have nothing to sell to the bandits, though they come with a mule-load of silver ingots; and the elementary law in the bandits' security code is that credited long ago to Robin Hood: "Never wrong him who tilleth the soil."

How Food Control Works

Thus did the Reds, with a minimum of military action, put out of business a great number of really formidable guerrilla movements between the end of 1949, let us say, and the end of 1952. Food control was by far the most important element in their nationwide campaign of "bandit suppression." There is a Chinese in New York

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whose name is known to everyone who reads the papers, who was offered the premiership in an anti-Red government set up in 1951 in a certain mountainous area in China with the backing of 100,000 armed men. What became of that force? Red troop concentrations closed in on it, cutting communications, but never attacked it. It was starved into scatteration.

Now the reader is entitled to ask how this Communist system of food control works; and then how a popular rising against the Red regime can ever be organized in spite of it.

The Red despotism's shackles on the Chinese people have been riveted far less by their armies or by their fairly numerous secret police than by what they call their "cadres." As they use the word "cadre" in their English-language publicity, it means an individual operator or agent. Beginning in wartime, and extending down into the immediate present, Red China has turned out of special schools hundreds of thousands of young persons who have been subjected to a course of dawn-to-dark indoctrination, Spartan living, brutal discipline and even exhausting physical work, until they could be relied upon to execute orders without a hesitant thought. These so-called "cadres" go into every factory, every office, every so-called trade union and every unit of the armed forces. In all such they function as spies, informers, propagandists, instructors in doctrine and expounders of the Party line of the hour. But nowhere have they been so important as in the villages, where it has been their business to see that the greater part of poor China's inadequate production of food and textiles and oil seeds and so forth, goes out of the district on government trucks or boats, and that the rustics are inducted gently, but not too gently, into the new collectives.

The "cadres" are, in short, the boys who have, through their close supervision of the rural economy, put the guerrillas out of business and reduced China's new state serfdom to sad docility or wooden-faced, sullen apathy.

This great body of "cadres," closest of all Red agents to the industrial workers, the soldiery and the rural masses, is the custodian of Communism's fate in Red China. Its devotion to the regime was never doubted until

Chou En-lai

recently. A year ago, reports of runaway "cadres" in frenzied revolt against the government and against the Spartan discipline they had received, would not have been taken too seriously in Hong Kong or beyond. Every one is aware that anti-Red refugees from mainland China are all primed to tell a story about conditions in the Red state which will best please those who can be helpful to them. Under the same ground-rules, testimony of students that there was bitter resentment in universities, colleges and middle schools against Marxist-Leninist indoctrination which, when it erupted, would be overtly and defiantly anti-Communist, had been generally discounted. The European observer who interviewed a young person of the student class in China itself a year ago and heard him proclaim his fervent devotion to the Red regime, was certain that the rising generation in Red China was Communist beyond control.

Latter day events have, of course, shown that this assumption was very far indeed from the truth. Students in Peiping, Chungking Chengtu, Shanghai, Canton and most particularly in Hanyang (where they actually went to violent action and some were subsequently executed) have expressed their aversion to the system—doctrinal or applied. Their courageous action is just as surely the beginning of the end of the Red despotism in China as was the Hungarian rising in the sight of Milovan Djilas. The rising generation of young men and women just cannot stomach this abominable Marxist nonsense and the regimentation which it is supposed to justify. The end is really in sight.

The question "when" I leave open. But the question "how" I think I can answer. The movement will be sparked by youth. Whether by public demonstrations or by whispered agitation, they will get the message across to the entire nation that the patriot's mission is now to help purge China of the Red parasites. This will be the new "intellectual" fashion in China, just as Communism was the fashion from the twenties on.

Even though a "cadre" has not been convinced by his own experience and conscience that he is serving a force hostile to China's best interests, he will be most reluctant to betray his fellow "intellectuals" in their underground agitation against his masters, so great is the confraternity of "intellectuals" in China. There is evidence that this is happening, that the "cadre" is failing in his duty as an informer.

Quite recently, the Chinese press in Hong Kong reported large scale agrarian revolts in Chekiang Province (down the coast from Shanghai) against requisitions of grain. Thirty thousand rustics were said to have taken part in raids on government granaries and slain twenty Communist officials. Divide those figures by ten, if you want to discount the probable exaggerations, and you still have the story of a desperately angry rising of villagers against the Red system. The point is that this called for organization, however brief, and that the rising could not have developed to the point where surprise raids on government stores were possible *if the "cadres" had been doing their stuff.*

The Army Would Help

In spite of the fact that such "intellectual" subversion is certainly going on and will continue to go on in Red China, can it, one wonders, get anywhere in a country with a militarized police force organized along Beria lines, and a highly disciplined army of several million regulars including veterans of the "victorious" war in Korea? Certainly it is true that a mass agrarian revolt, however huge, has no chance of success in China until the armies go along with it. But that is a development which this writer, who spent ten years in the field with Chinese armies during the civil war period, confidently expects.

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Not so long ago, one of this country's recognized authorities on Soviet affairs wrote that the size, training and equipment of the Soviet Army might mean less than nothing to the security of the regime. It might readily develop, as this very wise fellow wrote, that the bigger and better the Soviet Army, the shorter will be the shrift of the Communist dictatorship when the great seismic movement develops.

Whether this is true of Russia or not, I am sure it is true of China. If China's "intellectuals" are on the rampage, as we now have good reason to think, Red China's armies are not going to fight the people if and when the "intellectuals" give them cause to rise. The armies are going over to the agrarian masses from which 90 per cent of the troops have been recruited. Chinese soldiery never fight the people when they are sure that the people are unanimously behind a just cause. They invariably fire a round or so in the air, thereby discharging their obligation to the big shots who have fed and equipped them, and then either turn and scatter or go over to the side of their embattled kindred. Let the so-called "intellectuals" make anti-Communism a popular "theme," as the Chinese define a cause, and no "cadre" can keep it from the soldiery, even if he wants to, as he probably will not. Then, when the masses move, as the youngsters will move them, so will it happen in China's case that the more powerful the armies, the shorter will be the dictatorship's shrift.

It must be admitted at once that no such disposition of the Kremlin's puppet despotism in China would be swift or easy. Of Red China's four supreme militarists, three would be immediately involved. Each commands something like 600,000 men. They are Lin Piao, who led the Chinese "volunteers" into Korea, who owes next to nothing to Mao Tse-tung but much to Red Russia; P'eng Teh-huai, who succeeded him in Korea and is supposedly Mao's faithful adherent; and Ch'en Yi, "mayor of Shanghai," of whom Mao has in the past expressed distrust, but who commands all the forces down the coast opposite Formosa. All three of these would be savagely pro-Communist at the outset. But if great numbers of their soldiery, under their subordinates, started going anti-Red, what these big chiefs would do is beyond my power to guess. But if I had to guess, I'd say that Lin Piao and P'eng Teh-huai would turn up in Moscow and that Ch'en Yi would open the coast to intervention from Formosa.

The Role of Russia

Finally, as all readers will want to know, what would Soviet Russia do about all this? Red Russia would, at the outset, throw in all the Mongol and Korean "volunteers" available.

Chiang Kai-shek

If this availed nothing, Soviet Russia would be exceedingly busy with echoes at home of the uproar in the greatest of all the satellites. That *could* be the end of the whole Red phantasmagoria.

The reader who has accepted the assurances of numbers of travellers in the Red Empire that the Communist position in Soviet Russia and in Red China is so firmly established that hopes of a radical change through popular risings are simply fatuous, and that the lasting enslavement through terror of 900 million human beings must be accepted as one of this world's facts of life, is certainly entitled to ask whether or not this writer sincerely believes that this huge and powerful system of interlocking despotisms is actually going to collapse in the near future. The answer is that he certainly does believe this. He also feels very strongly that if the United States Government, the American press and the American people could see that such an end must come, and say so, unanimously and persistently, the effect on the morale of the tortured millions would be very different indeed from that of our persistent pursuit of "peace by incantation."

This has more than a little bearing on the question *when* it will happen. It will happen in China in spite of us, well before Djilas has served his nine-year term. In China, as in Hungary, youth has passed its sentence of death upon the Red system, which is relying for its survival upon the destruction of good faith in human relations. That has been tried by others in Chinese history; and the burial places of their bones, after the street dogs were done with them, are unknown.

PROSINESS IN PURPLE

(*Continued from p.* 10)

set Boulevard in his bare feet not because he was a nasty little showoff, but because "indifference, insecurity and non-conformity are apparently the spice of life these days." Elizabeth Taylor divorced her second husband because "a penalty of youth had encountered a penalty of middle-age. She still loved him. He still loved her." So there was nothing to do but part. Ingrid Bergman had a *terrible* time with Dr. Lindstrom: "Cold, dictatorial, unresponsive, he added a steam bath to their house and made no effort to enter his wife's world."

Marilyn Monroe has been suffering from a father complex (you'd be amazed at how many of them have father complexes) which is now alleviated because: "Arthur [Miller]'s refusal to name his former comrades [in the Communist Party] made Marilyn fully realize his tremendous courage and integrity." Ava Gardner married one man after another because she "rejects herself as a woman." All of the Crazy Mixed-Up Kids have redeeming features, however. Ava Gardner's is her courage. "'I have an affinity for jerks,' she once told a friend, 'but that won't stop me from looking for the right man! Every time I fall in love, or think I'm in love, I'll get married.'" As you can see, there speaks a good little girl, at heart. She said, get *married*, didn't she? *Que diable veux-tu encore?*

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

On What Ball?

In a recent letter to NATIONAL REVIEW (12/21/57), Ralph de Toledano, concluding an exchange with L. Brent Bozell, writes:

> Moral: Democrats win elections because they keep their eye on the ball. Republicans, like Trotskyite splintergroups, get their kicks from ideological purity.

It is clear from the context of this particular exchange of letters, and from other things he has written, that what Mr. de Toledano is talking about is not the sins of Republicans as such, but of conservatives. He is not a Republican out of prescriptive loyalty to the Grand Old Party, but because he regards the Republican Party as the vehicle of opposition to the Liberalism of which the Democratic Party, since the days of Franklin Roosevelt, has been the carrier. It is conservatives with whom he is concerned, and it is conservatives whom he is attacking because they "don't keep their eye on the ball," but "get their kicks from ideological purity."

In this pragmatic age, "ideological purity" is a powerful rhetorical "devil-term"; we admire the practical, the successful; the tone conveyed by this phrase suggests an amused contempt for the impractical, and obscures the meaning of what is being said. Placed in juxtaposition to "winning elections," however, it can have only one meaning . . . devotion to principle. The captive of the rhetoric of the time, Mr. de Toledano here does himself a serious wrong. I esteem him as a writer and a fighter, and know him as a friend; and one thing I can be sure of: when the chips are down, he will always be found on the side of true principle.

But, even from his assumed stance of the practical man, he is wrong. As a matter of fact, Liberalism and the Democratic Party (which in its national leadership is the party of Liberalism) have won their victories through a broadly consistent devotion to principle—if false principle. And conservatism has lost ground, and is losing ground, precisely because, in its effort to keep its eye on Mr. de Toledano's ball, it has consistently compromised principle—whether it has lost elections with Willkie and Dewey, or won them with Eisenhower.

Here is the real moral for conservatives: the tide is running, and to stand still or make slight advances is to be swept back. Winning elections with an Eisenhower and barring out a Stevenson (at the cost of toning down and disintegrating the principled right wing of the Republican Party) has to no discernible degree modified our course towards appeasement and defeat abroad and statist erosion of our institutions at home. The present Administration does not perhaps swim so enthusiastically with the tides as its predecessors; but this is a minor difference of mood; it is not a difference of principle.

The point of the matter is that we are living, and have been living for some decades, in the midst of a revolution which is directed towards the destruction of Western civilization. Conservatives are by definition defenders of that civilization; and in a revolutionary age this means that they are, and must be, counterrevolutionaries. Anyone has the right not to be a conservative, but no one has the right to call himself by that name who is not prepared to recognize the harsh reality that compromise with the dominant forces of this age is not possible.

Against the most advanced and hideous form of that revolution, Communism, the terms and conditions of this uncompromising struggle are laid down by the revolutionaries themselves: it is a fight which will have to be conducted with every available weapon, and to the death. We have to recognize what the Communists know and openly proclaim, that Communism and Western civilization cannot both survive.

Our domestic form of the revolution of the twentieth century is less hideous, less advanced in its development, and it has proceeded thus far without violence and within legal forms. The struggle of conservatives against it is a struggle not with weapons, but for the minds of men. The constitutional framework still exists, however battered, within which it is possible to resist and defeat the revolutionaries.

But, make no mistake about it, these are two forms of the same phenomenon. In a fundamental sense the dominant forces in American life today are revolutionary, that is, they are directed towards the destruction of the principles of Western civilization and the American tradition. The politics of New Dealism, Fair Dealism, and New Republicanism are directed towards the strengthening of the State and the diminution of the person. The prevalent quasi-Marxist and Keynesian economics are directed towards the substitution of a state-controlled, ever less "mixed," economy for the free economy of capitalism. The positivist and materialist philosophy of our educational theory and practice, of our radio and television and press, of our academic and intellectual circles, eats away at the fabric of principle and belief which is Western civilization. Everywhere the same revolutionary spirit expresses itself. For the conservative to compromise with it is to give up his reason for being.

However much the forms and the methods may vary, however numerous the points of ideological difference, Communism and collectivist Liberalism are both expressions of one world-wide revolution. Its contemporary political forms were described, and their underlying unity perceived, sixteen years ago by James Burnham, who called it "the managerial revolution." Its historical and philosophical meaning has been drawn forth and powerfully presented by Eric Voegelin, who calls it "gnosticism." Its concrete reality in the United States was displayed in action during the Hiss case, and interpreted by Whittaker Chambers in his great autobiography, *Witness*.

In opposition to this revolution, the "ideological purity" of conservatives is justly of the greatest concern.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The New School

Your servant is a member of the faculty of politics of the New School for Social Research. Let no man stare in amaze; for the New School has probably the highest degree of academic freedom to be found in the United States. Dr. Max Lerner, with whom I happen to disagree on a number of considerable points, also is a member of that faculty. For the New School is not caught in the clutch of ideology—not nowadays. When, a few years ago, that eminent Tory in the line of Hume, Professor Michael Oakeshott, was appointed to a chair at the London School of Economics, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman moaned in the pages of the *New Statesman*: O, Israel, how is thy glory departed!

To this lament, Professor Oakeshott replied urbanely that he had not thought that the London School was dedicated to any dim orthodoxy—and, at this buffet, Mr. Crossman retired from the lists. Mr. Oakeshott was right: whatever ideology may have prevailed at the London School in the Bad Old Days, certainly there is sufficient diversity now within its walls. And so it is at the New School for Social Research. Founded by Charles A. Beard so that his own disciples might gather round him, the New School experienced intellectual and financial vicissitudes, but prospered eventually under the direction of the late Alvin Johnson. Whatever its shortcomings, the New School offered something for the mind; and so some brilliant professors and students, as well as some eccentric professors and students, came to the School. It was, and is, unique in America. Rationalism and positivism were strong there from the start; but they never went unchallenged, and nowadays the New School—dedicated, indeed, to variety and exploration—extends a welcome to points of view a world away from those generally associated, in the public's mind, with New School teaching. Certain ancient beliefs—such as orthodox Christian theology and political conservatism—had been so thoroughly neglected in America for some decades that they have come to seem fresh and new and challenging. And just such topics are the New School's particular interest.

The present president of the New School, Dr. Hans Simons, is a learned and humorous sociologist—educated, like most of the School's senior professors, in Europe. He brought Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr and Dr. Paul Tillich to the neat new building of the School in Greenwich Village, believing that they ought to be heard in what had been a stronghold of secularism. At first, either of them had only ten auditors; but their following has increased greatly. The New School students are willing to listen to unorthodox teachers, even if they teach orthodoxy; and that is more than can be said of the students at most of our universities.

As for me, I have twenty men and women to talk to and with, for a beginning. My general topic is "The Restoration of Norms: Human Politics and Humane Letters in the Twentieth Century." Primarily an adult-education undertaking, the New School opens its doors to any reasonably qualified person, and anyone can come to my lectures who pays the price of the series—or, for that matter, of a single session. This, I do assure you, is a pleasant relief from the average collection of undergraduates. No credit is given, and there are no examinations. Altogether, it is very like the method of the medieval universities. I speak on the evening of the last Monday in each month, for six months (adv.).

At my first lecture, in October, my auditors raised three important questions: must norms have a religious sanction? does the acceptance of traditional norms lead necessarily to a certain pattern of politics? and precisely what are the norms of our civilization? These were the right questions to ask; and they are not easy to answer succinctly and lucidly. There are very few institutions in America at which the students ever learn to ask the important questions—let alone ask them at the first meeting.

Another peculiar thing about the New School is that it is the only literally free-enterprise institution of higher learning in these United States. For the occasional lecturers and the instructors receive no fixed stipend (though the senior professors are paid salaries): instead, they take a share of the fees paid by the students. This, too, has a medieval touch.

This New School, in short, fights clear of the Old Man of the Sea who hangs sullenly upon the back of the American university and college. The tone and temper of the place is such that no dull student would think of enrolling. No one seeks a snob-degree from the New School, nor expects the institution to find him a cushy job in industry when he graduates. What manner of intellectual improvement the student will undertake, the School leaves almost wholly to the student himself. Individualism never had a more open field.

Out of New School lectures have come some influential books: Professor Salomon's *Tyranny of Progress*, for instance. I may make a little book of my own. At most American institutions of allegedly higher learning, one could no more make a decent book out of one's lectures than one could make a guided missile out of shotgun shells. For the lectures, at most places, are themselves cribbed from superficial textbooks.

Finally, the New School is tolerant—even of ideas that weren't born yesterday. It is not afraid of "highly controversial speakers"—such as disciples of St. Augustine or of Cicero—while some long-established liberal-arts colleges are terrified of admitting any opinions disapproved by the Conformists of Nonconformity. I am not arguing that all our Behemoth Universities ought to be converted into New Schools. Yet it is a reflection upon the present state of the American intellect that in the whole of this enormous country the New School has no imitators.

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ARTS and MANNERS

GARRY WILLS

"Greatest Show on Earth"

How to enjoy what would be for a while my last day in New York? I turned to the hedonist's Bible, those front pages in the *New Yorker* which list all current entertainment, and there, under the plays and nightclubs, was news of tours and sessions at the UN, tickets available at the box office; since the demise of Barnum's, the Greatest Show on Earth. It has a cast of thousands, a set that cost millions. Even its boasts of internationalism have about them an American ring of "biggest on earth." The guides boast of 17 architects putting together the 57-million-dollar building with materials from all the member nations, and curving the walls and roofs, as Mike Todd boasts of his stars, his vast expenditures, his curved screen.

The UN guides—chosen for their looks; the best show is still a pretty girl—advertises the show as colossal, citing figures—of men and money, studies and committees—in accents that come from England, India, and France, but according to a mystique descended, through Todd and DeMille, from the circus barker and the hawker of magic cure-alls.

But enough of the usherettes and the posh lobby; on to the show itself. In the center ring is the Security Council debating something or other while cameras nose their way out of the sound and camera booths. It looks for all the world like a radio broadcast, except that in the studio everyone is awake, ready to laugh or applaud when the sign is put up. Here, all others go to sleep as each delegate, given his cue, takes up his litany. Platitudes are reformulated in language, translated at lightning speed by the interpreters, funneled into earphones everywhere lying unlistened to. This show is like the early 3-D movies with their glasses, or the drive-ins with their speakers, or Huxley's dream-theater; you must strap yourself into the chair, to be pleasantly electrocuted with high-voltage illusion.

The show, like most spectaculars, is weak in plot though large in scale; colossal, but boring. I leave the big top to enter one of the side shows, where a hot debate is in progress over what foods give children most protein. When some one ardently champions "fish-flour," I am driven back onto the midway.

There I see a nun looking at the sign directing traffic to the Meditation Room. Apparently this nun has never heard that she is not to be seen in churches other than those of her faith. Here she is in a superchurch, a kind of pseudo-Vatican. And what is the religion of this new international church of peacemongers? Americanism. This building, the one place *in* America which is politically not *of* it, is actually a focus of all the preeminently American vices. The world is not here reflected; the image of America is simply being enlarged for all to imitate her grosser qualities: her sentimentalism, her frantic need to be liked; her religionless religiosity; technology, research, "open-mindedness," steel and glass, electrically-rigged theater chairs, and—that greatest, most pitiable American product—anti-Americanism.

The UN is even more typically American, now, than the disappearing Barnum show from which it inherits its techniques. Behind the big show under the big top was the American worship of success. Behind the UN, on the other hand, is the American worship of tolerance, of friendliness and "sincerity," of Dale Carnegie. Barnum said there is always a sucker for a big name; Dale Carnegie says everyone is a sucker for his own first name. Call Zhukov by his first name, and he *has* to react.

It was no mistake that American land was given for the staging of the great show. The wild ideologues of France, the muddlers-through of England have a salt, cynical base to their view of politics which makes it hard for them to swallow cure-alls. It takes the lovable dupes of America—well-intentioned, ignorant of ideas that sunder, of causes that demand commitment or martyrdom—to keep the vast pretense of the UN alive; without our mystical innocence the show would be as transparent as its huge glass housing. Given that innocence, even the maneuverings of Russia are clothed in respectability. Once the game is begun, who is to say what is real and what is part of the ritual? which kisses are meant in a game of "post office" or in the vast game of making movies?

Too Serious Escapism

"Let's pretend" is the mutual exhortation of all who go to shows; and America is the home of pretense. We are the only people clever enough to invent TV and simple enough to worship before it; cynical enough to manufacture our commercial entertainment, and sentimental enough to believe in it, like savages adoring a fetish their own hands have made. But this willing suspension of disbelief—so amiable in children, so necessary at the theater—becomes too serious an escapism when applied on the level of the UN. It is a kind of mild masochism, a disappearing of our innocence, which allows us to see how phony is Hollywood while we continue to devour its products. We have dulled our ability to reject pretense, even when we recognize it; to question the façade—even one of glass—which fronts a good show. That is why America will continue to support, and advertise, and Americanize the UN.

And that is why I was not fooled when the guide told us we were standing in an autonomous realm. I am enough in love with my country to recognize, and resent, seeing it caricatured—by the United Nations or by United Artists. I was not leaving "international territory" to re-enter the U. S. In two steps I had merely left Hollywood to walk again in New York.

Hot Potato

Is NATO
Out of dato?
You figger
Its approach to the problem
of the trigger.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The End of History

J. A. LUKACS

One of the marks of the intellectual development of the twentieth century in what we somewhat imprecisely call the "Western world" is an increase in the number of works addressed to what we—again somewhat imprecisely—may call "the philosophy of history." The sources of this preoccupation with historical philosophies (and they are rather different from philosophical histories) may be varied; but it is safe to say that they all reflect that sense of disturbing fear which now influences most of us in one way or another. It may also be suggested that people are perhaps turning to philosophies of history less because of their interest in the past than because they are seeking a system which would predict, or at least hint at, the future.

This is not altogether a salutary development. It may be asked whether our interest in philosophies of history rather than history is not, in reality, an aspect of the widespread deterioration in the practices of the modern intellect. In literature, for example, this results in an ever-increasing production of criticism while valuable original creation diminishes. I do not suggest that the writing and the reading of philosophies of history ought to be deplored; I suggest, instead, that their actual contribution tc the clearing of the extraordinary intellectual confusion of our time ought to be scrutinized more closely. This is what people a generation ago failed to do; and thus the reputation of Spengler's thesis, for example, may have actually contributed to that process of Western decline which, in many ways erroneously, he had asserted.

On the Philosophy of History by Jacques Maritain (Scribner, $3.50) falls, of course, in a very different category. Let me say, first of all, that its most valuable contribution may well reside in that temper of Christian optimism which is reflected in his essential propositions. True, some of these propositions may be philosophical restatements of ancient truths; but in our day, when the ideas of impersonal and technical determinism are so densely prevalent in the very nations upon whose resolution and confidence the survival of Western Christendom may depend, these ancient truths cannot be emphasized frequently enough.

Thus, unlike Spengler, Maritain emphasizes that the meaning of history is less pragmatic than moral: "The philosophy of history is the final application of philosophical truths, not to the conduct of the individual man, but to the entire movement of humanity. And therefore it is moral philosophy." Unlike Toynbee in his earlier works, he at least suggests the uniqueness of the values of Western civilization among all civilizations: "The proper climate for the development of a genuine philosophy of history is the intellectual climate of the Judaeo-Christian tradition."

Unlike the determinists, Maritain extols the sadly obscured quality of personal free will: "No philosophy of history can be genuine if the general philosophy it presupposes, and of which it is a part, does not recognize the existence of the human free will (together with the other properties of the human person) and the existence of God." Unlike the technical sociologists, Maritain proposes the uniqueness of the historical act: "History deals only with the singular and the concrete, with the contingent, whereas science deals with the universal and the necessary." Unlike the pragmatists, he proceeds from the limitations of science: "The historical elucidation, being individual, participates in the potential infinity of matter; it is never finished; it never has (in so far as it is elucidation) the certainty of science." This is a Christian complement to the early Crocean thesis on history as art rather than science.

Finally, it may be said that the anti-fatalistic tenor of the following passage may even be considered an improvement over the all-too cryptic idea of Action about history being the story of the progress of human freedom:

> . . . if we consider things from a sufficiently long perspective of centuries, it seems that one of the deepest trends of human history is precisely to escape more and more from fate. But here again we meet with the law of the double and antagonistic motion of ascent and descent together. Thus, the development of our material techniques seems, on the one hand, to make historical fate weigh more heavily on man; and, on the other hand, this same development offers man unexpected means of freedom and emancipation. In the end, which of these two aspects will be predominant depends on the free will and the free choice of men.

The greatest shortcoming of M. Maritain's present work is that these excellent propositions represent but a few dry islands in what is very marshy prose. Of necessity it is upon these islands the weary feet of this reviewer must rest. Yes, we know that M. Maritain is a difficult thinker and a difficult writer; that charity is preferable to clarity; that sharp and pungent prose should not be expected from a deep philosophical work. But even in this age of superficiality, depth has little to offer by itself. This is not merely a question of style or of editing; the multiple clauses and exceedingly complex definitions not only make the reading difficult but indirectly they cast cer-

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tain doubts on the direct cogency of M. Maritain's ramificatory theses. That these are ramificatory indeed appears from four peculiar diagrams intended, I suppose, to further illustrate these theses. I have always disliked the present fad of organizational diagrams, since I consider them to be rather meaningless; I do not consider philosophical diagrams to be meaningless, but I dislike them nevertheless.

It will now appear that this is not a book for the general reader. But it is not a book for the general historian either. It is a book for professional philosophers rather than for historians. It is not a philosophy of history; rather, it presents philosophical reflections upon the philosophy of history. This, then, brings us back to the original problem concerning the validity of philosophies of history.

After a whole series of careening "cyclists" (with Spengler as their prototype), we have lately been given valuable books by Christian philosophers on "the end of history"—by Romano Guardini and Josef Pieper in Germany, now joined by Jacques Maritain. These studies are not merely theological or eschatological speculations; they are necessary reminders for a generation that has been drugged with the notion of "progress." They are not, of course, philosophical histories; they are works of philosophy. And here the question should be raised whether it is at all necessary for a Christian to have a schematic philosophy of history. Does not a Christian philosophy of the nature and destiny of man literally pre-empt the need for a "philosophy of history"?

In the Introduction M. Maritain himself admits that in his youth, because of his distrust of Hegel, he was "somewhat prejudiced against the very notion of the philosophy of history." (The best and clearest part of this book is M. Maritain's truly brilliant dissection of Hegel.) Later he says that the philosophy of history "must be stabilized, so to speak, by philosophical reflection founded in human nature." And in his Conclusion he asserts the closest affinity of the philosophy of history with moral philosophy.

Yet the question about the separate need for a "philosophy of history" is neither clearly asked nor answered by him. This is a pity, especially for this reviewer who for the past few years has been exposed to the sorry spectacle of earnest American sophomores being dragooned by unduly ambitious instructors and unduly self-important graduate students into study-groups and programs and seminars and workshops and courses entitled: "Philosophy of History" (variations: "Christian Culture" or "Integrated Christian Thinking"). Some of the same sophomores are unaware of the Battle of Waterloo. They are unaware, too, that the best philosophizings about history were bequeathed to us during the past hundred years by such men as Tocqueville, Burckhardt, Huizinga and Dawson, not one of whom would have considered himself a philosopher, and not one of whom considered himself a "professional historian." But that is another story.

Contradiction in Postulates

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Liberal Democracy (Doubleday, $3.00) is a very nice little book by an Italian professor, Massimo Salvadori, who has found a haven in the United States. It is, we are sure, going to delight the vast majority of its readers, who are certain that in a synthesis of (true) liberalism and democracy the basic cure for the ills of this world has been found. Such notions are especially comforting to most Americans, and their confirmation by visiting or immigrating Europeans is always welcome. Yet the more discerning reader, with a sense for the tragic inner contradictions of the contemporary political scene, might be disappointed by the conclusions of this author, whose *genuine* liberalism in the political and economic sphere cannot be doubted.

Dr. Salvadori squarely and uncompromisingly stands for the liberty and dignity of the individual. Yet he thinks that the only safeguard of liberty anywhere and everywhere is the democratic process; and by "democracy" he means (as all serious political theorists must) political equality and, essentially, majority rule.

What this reviewer rejects is Dr. Salvadori's conviction that the democratic framework is at all times ideally fitted to protect and foster liberty. We have seen in the past and in the present that democracy has only too often been the prelude to totalitarian tyranny, either by creating a chaos giving dictators-to-be an ideal chance to grasp unlimited power or by helping a totalitarian party to gain full control of the state through electoral victories. Plato, Aristotle and Polybius have written and warned us about the "natural death" of democracy which *is* tyranny.

Dr. Salvadori does not seem to be entirely a stranger to these notions. He even senses that there might be an inherent contradiction between liberty (the postulate of the liberalism) and equality (the postulate of democracy), but he does not seem to be quite willing to face up to the issue. He admires the United States; he is determined to defend its political and social system, which he considers to be a success; and therefore he cannot resist the temptation to elevate liberal democracy to a universal postulate for mankind—if not for now, at least for the time when the "lesser breeds without the law" have reached maturity.

It is precisely this notion, that liberal democracy eventually can be adopted by the whole of mankind, which is the most glaring defect of the book. The American reader might feel gratified that Dr. Salvadori has such a firmly rooted belief in the world-wide mission of the United States (a conviction not unlike President Wilson's or F.D.R.'s); yet he ought to be on his guard against such fulsome praise, after experiencing two World Wars that were won for democracy and ended as defeats for liberty.

Dr. Salvadori does take pains to note the failures of liberal democracy in the past; but he reiterates that perseverance is the only remedy:

> Behind revolts and violence, one sees signs of a real revolution: a change in man's outlook on life. Adolescence will be reached. That is the

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period in which dogmatism and fanaticism become most violent. Fascism and communism belong to the adolescence of mankind, like the traditionalism which prevented so many ancient and modern nations from reaching maturity.

Traditionalism is his *bête noire*. Still one is a little at a loss to see it described as a characteristic of adolescence rather than of old age. The picture of *ancient* nations in the adolescent fever of traditionalism is rather strange. It is this kind of reasoning which proves disconcerting. Or take, for instance, the statement:

> No government in which the masses participated, from that of the Roman Republic in the fourth century B.C. to those of the liberal democracies in the twentieth century, has paralleled the cruelty of those who think of themselves as the select few. The errors and horrors of Sulla's patricians, Isabella of Spain's clergy, and Lenin's vanguard of the proletariat should be enough to dispel what confidence people may have in the wisdom and restraint of élites.

It all sounds very convincing, but not to the historian. The patrician governments of many a European city republic—of certain Swiss cantons, of members of the Hanseatic League, of the German Imperial cities—have been benevolent and efficient. England, no less than Holland, had an oligarchic rule under all sorts of names and labels. On the other hand, the masses had their full share in the bloodcurdling extravagances of the young French Republic; and the delightful massacres of Hiroshima and Nagasaki certainly were perpetrated by a "democracy." In Dresden (one remembers only too well) on a sunny afternoon, at least twenty times as many people were burnt alive as in the long records of the Spanish Inquisition—which should take care of the remark *re* Isabella's wicked clergy.

Neither history nor reason certifies the indissoluble unity of liberty and democracy.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

SEVEN YEARS SOLITARY, by Edith Bone (Harcourt, $4.50). After twenty years in the British CP, Edith Bone became disgusted in 1939, and called it quits. But unwisely, she made no public break; just continued her work as a journalist, and then, with more credulousness than seems possible, ventured into Hungary in 1949. Of course she was kidnapped, accused of being a British agent, and at the age of sixty, put into solitary confinement for seven years. Her account of her resourcefulness during this period is not only astonishing, but proves again the basic human secret which the Soviet nudniks continue to deny: that we can all move in two directions at once—outward, toward the earth and its visible geography, and inward, toward a non-material point at which the Kingdom of Heaven is located. R. PHELPS

JOAN OF ARC, by Jules Michelet, translated by Albert Guerard (Michigan, $3.75). One wonders why this translation was made. Almost everyone who would enjoy Michelet's little essay for its modest literary value will read it in French. Its historical value is negligible. Michelet wrote in 1840, before the discovery and publication of some of the most important documents concerning Joan, and he did not make full use of even the material that was available to him. It is true that he writes of Joan with generous emotion, but what confidence can anyone repose in the judgment of an historian who calmly announces that all of English literature "from Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron . . . is skeptical, Judaic, satanic"? R. P. OLIVER

THE RED BOOK OF THE PERSECUTED CHURCH, by Albert Galter (Newman Press, $5.75). Communism has frankly and openly set its goal—our destruction. Sometimes, when meeting opposition, the Reds hint, Geneva-like, that they might modify their aims. This tactic usually gets the obstacle removed and the Reds back on the high road. But the Vatican has long since recognized Communism for what it is. No need, therefore, for deception here, and there has been none. Everywhere within its Empire, the Soviet has shattered what it knows to be the Church's strong point: organization. This carefully documented book charts how and how well the campaign of extermination has been carried out. Even for those who think Communists capable of *anything*, there is much here that is incredible. For the first time, this reviewer can understand why the Pope called it the worst persecution in history. J. MCFADDEN

USURPERS—FOES OF FREE MAN, by Hamilton A. Long (Post Printing Co., 18 Beekman St., New York, $1). It would be perfectly possible for a foreign observer, ignorant of our country and of its history, to have read and listened during the past few months to the discussion of events in the South, without gleaning from it the faintest understanding of the Constitution of the United States. What were once concepts essential to the political thinking of every American—division of powers, limited government, the rights of the states—seem today unknown, or, if known, outlawed from the pages of most of our newspapers and journals. To the recovery of an understanding of constitutional principle, this pamphlet by Hamilton Long is a forceful contribution. As an analysis of the limits of governmental power under the Constitution, and as a clear and forceful discussion of the usurpations of government, it is as valuable as it is timely. F. S. MEYER

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To the Editor

Seeing the Light

The other day I read James Burnham's "The Answer to Sputniks" [December 14]. "You know," I thought to myself, "here is a really practical plan—only a beginning perhaps, but a step in the right direction." Then I picked up the current issue of the *Nation* and realized my error. Here was C. Wright Mills (who ought to know) assuring me that the Soviet Union ardently desires coexistence. The only path of true realism and reason, therefore, is to abandon nuclear tests, restrictions on Soviet visitors, and all hostility toward the firmly-based satellite governments.

After finishing the article, I flicked on the radio. The Soviet Union had just offered a plan for the suspension of nuclear tests. Now, ordinarily, I would have considered this a propaganda move. It would have strengthened my agreement with Mr. Burnham who says that the Soviets are continually hammering at our defenses and that maybe we ought to start hammering back. However, thanks to Mr. Mills, I was able to see this proposal in its proper perspective. The Soviet Union was hoping against hope that *this time* its proposal might be considered. . . .

New York City PAUL F. WEBSTER

B.A.'s: America's Strength?

Several days ago the Establishment's power was demonstrated to me only too well. A graduate assistant in the political science department of Northwestern University posed a question to his quiz section. The class was asked the following: "Assuming a perfect dichotomy with no other alternative, which would you choose: A war which might destroy civilization as we know it or complete surrender and capitulation to world Communism?"

Out of a class of forty budding young intellectuals thirty-eight said they would surrender, and only two said they would fight regardless of the consequences. While I hope we can assume that this is not a representative sample it is certainly indicative of how well the Establishment has pushed its "Peace at any Price" theme.

Chicago, Ill. PETER G. KOKALIS

Lenin's Prophecy

Your penetrating analysis ["The Comintern Looks Ahead," December 7] of the latest Communist "manifesto" concludes with: "The main world strategic aim for the next phase of the world revolution is the isolation ('encirclement') of the West, and of the United States within the West."

I wonder if your readers realize how close this 1957 "aim" is to fulfilling a prophecy made by Lenin over thirty-five years ago when he wrote:

"First we will take Eastern Europe, then the masses of Asia, then we will encircle the United States of America which will be the last bastion of capitalism. We will not have to attack it. It will fall like an overripe fruit into our hands."

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON, JR.

Boston, Mass.

In Praise of NR Readers

I suggest first that a glossary be printed each week in NATIONAL REVIEW opposite the wonderful want-ads column, giving the literal, connotative, derivative and esoteric or (hopefully) erotic meanings of such words as "panomphean." What *does* it mean? My Webster doesn't have it, but they're an uneducated lot.

While I'm at it, herewith a suggested revision of a central paragraph in a recent ad:

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New York City PETER CRUMPET

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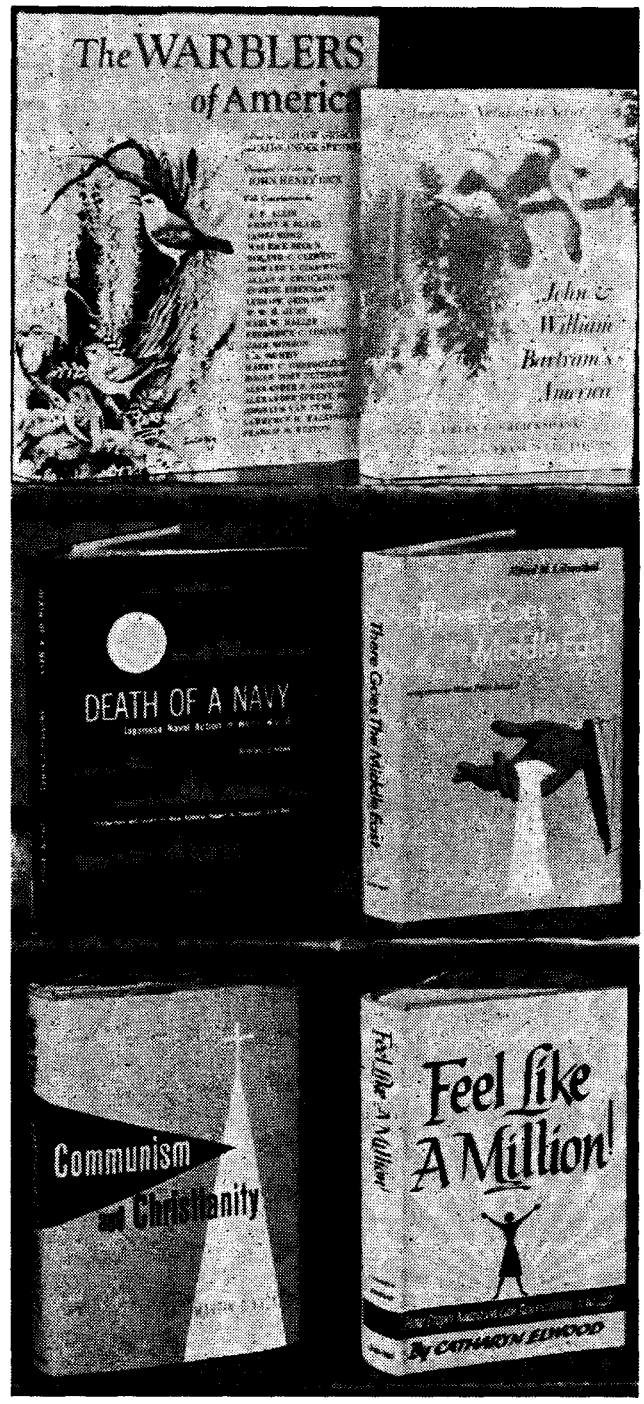

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